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essential advantage to the land which has ever extended to them the hand of friendship and hospitality. Already they are elevating our musical taste. If they will kindle within us an appreciating love of heaven-born Art, they will atone for many of the excesses by which they have awakened our solicitude. Well will it be, if we can unite to our resistless energy something of their unyielding and unfaltering patience. Well will it be, if we can temper our burning passion for the acquirement of wealth by something of that genial and refreshing spirit which stops in its hastiest flights after riches and honor to admire an image of the True and the Beautiful.

ART. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Indian Legends and other Poems.* By MARY GARDINER HORSFORD. New York : J. C. Derby. 1855.

THE author of these poems has been for some time known as a contributor to various literary journals. Her compositions have attracted attention by their grace of style and flowing versification, as well as by the earnestness of tone and the purity of Christian sentiment which are their leading characteristics. If we were to sum up the merits of them in one word, that word would be *womanly*. We are pleased to see these pieces brought together in a handsome volume. The lovers of poetry will be glad to preserve them in so attractive a form ; and we doubt not the reader of taste and sensibility will dwell upon these tender and musical outpourings of a graceful imagination and feeling heart, with deep and gratified interest.

The volume consists of two parts, "Indian Legends," and "Miscellaneous" pieces. Of the former, there are four poems, embodying striking traditions of the red race. The following lines close the piece called "The Laughing Water."

" And often when the night
Has drawn her shadowy veil,
And solemn stars look forth
Serenely pure and pale,
A spectre bark and form
May still be seen to glide,
In wondrous silence down
The Laughing Water's tide.

And mingling with the breath
 Of low winds sweeping free,
 The night birds fitful plaint,
 And moaning forest-tree,
 Amid the lulling chime
 Of waters falling there,
 The death-song floats again
 Upon the laden air." — pp. 25, 26.

Of the "Miscellaneous" pieces, the poem entitled "My Native Isle" is a beautiful expression of the yearning of the heart towards the scenery and associations of the place of birth. The following stanzas are delicate and beautiful: —

"The spireless church stands, plain and brown,
 The winding road beside;
 The green graves rise in silence near,
 With moss-grown tablets wide;
 And early on the Sabbath morn,
 Along the flowery sod,
 Unfettered souls, with humble prayer,
 Go up to worship God.

"And dearer far than sculptured fane
 Is that gray church to me,
For in its shade my mother sleeps,
Beneath the willow-tree :
 And often, when my heart is raised
 By sermon and by song,
 Her friendly smile appears to me
 From the seraphic throng," — p. 55.

The last two of the following lines contain a remarkably poetic thought: —

"The skies for burdened hearts and faint
 A code of Faith prepare;
What tempest ever left the Heaven
Without a blue spot there?" — p. 56.

The story of "The Vesper Chime" is very sweetly told. In one line there is a faulty accent: —

"I always found an *aroma*."

Aroma should be accented on the second syllable. "A Dream that was not all a Dream" is very delicately expressed. "The Judgment of the Dead" describes the Egyptian ceremonial with much imaginative power. "The Child's Appeal," "The Dying Year," and "I would

not live alway," are all fine poems, and marked by various excellences of thought and expression.

In general, the volume exhibits a fine sense of harmony and mastery of language. The words are delicately chosen, and woven together in forms of verse corresponding, by their quiet beauty, to the grace and refinement of the thought. We notice, however, here and there a fault of rhythmical construction, by which, as in the case we have already pointed out, a wrong accent is laid upon a word. This is a defect of execution, which a little more study and practice would have easily removed; and indeed, in all these cases, a slight change in the construction of a sentence or the form of a verse would have corrected the error.

From the poem called "Spring Lilies," we take a few lines of exquisite beauty.

"God, in placing her beside me,
Made my being most complete,
And my heart keeps time for ever
With the music of her feet." — p. 146.

Since the above was prepared, we grieve to learn the sudden death of this amiable and accomplished lady, whose poems gave such rich promise of literary distinction. Several of the pieces, by this event, have acquired a new and melancholy significance. The following lines, from a poem we have already cited, express a wish, alas! too soon fulfilled.

"I would no more of strife and tears
Might on thee ever meet,
But when against the tide of years
This heart has ceased to beat,
Where the green weeping-willows bend
I fain would go to rest,
Where waters chant, and winds may sweep
Above my peaceful breast." — p. 57.

It is not for us to enter the sacred circle of private sorrow, nor to suggest the consolations which the memory and example of her virtues will afford to the bereaved members of the family to whom her daily life was a high and perpetual joy; but we may, without trespassing on the just reserve of the occasion, refer to the loss which our poetical literature has sustained by this sad and unlooked for event.